

An Original Storyboard by Allen D. Bordelon  
In Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for EDLD 5363  
Lamar University

Title Screen:

Text: *"Tracks to the Future, Ties to the Past"*

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: Tracks to the Future, Ties to the Past

Frame 1:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: Toy trains.



Frame 2:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: Real trains.

Frame 3:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: Trains have always connected me to my family and shaped my life.

Frame 4:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: For reasons I will never know, trains have been a constant throughout my life. I never had a relative who worked for the railroad, never lived next to a busy rail line.

Frame 5:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: And yet, from my earliest memories, I loved trains big and small. Through good times and bad, trains kept me on track to my future, their rails like silver threads running through the fabric of my life.



Frame 6:

Text: None

Background Image:



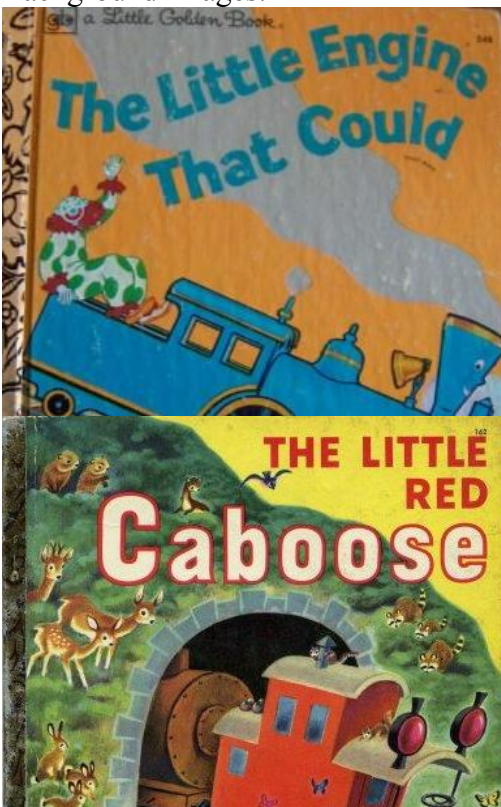
Music: None

Narration: Before I was two years old, I played incessantly with the pull-train Mother bought for me at the 5 & 10.

Frame 7:

Text: None

Background Images:



Music: None

Narration: When Grannie read to me, she knew that “*The Little Engine that Could*” and “*The Little Red Caboose*” were sure to please.

Frame 8:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: As I grew, Dad was always ready for a trip to the Albuquerque Depot, sacrificing his day off so that I could watch the trains.

Frame 9:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: Bells clanging, whistles blaring, the ground trembling as those powerful trains rumbled by, their pungent smoke filling my nostrils; it was pure bliss, almost more than a four-year-old could bear!



Frame 10:

Text: None

Background Image:



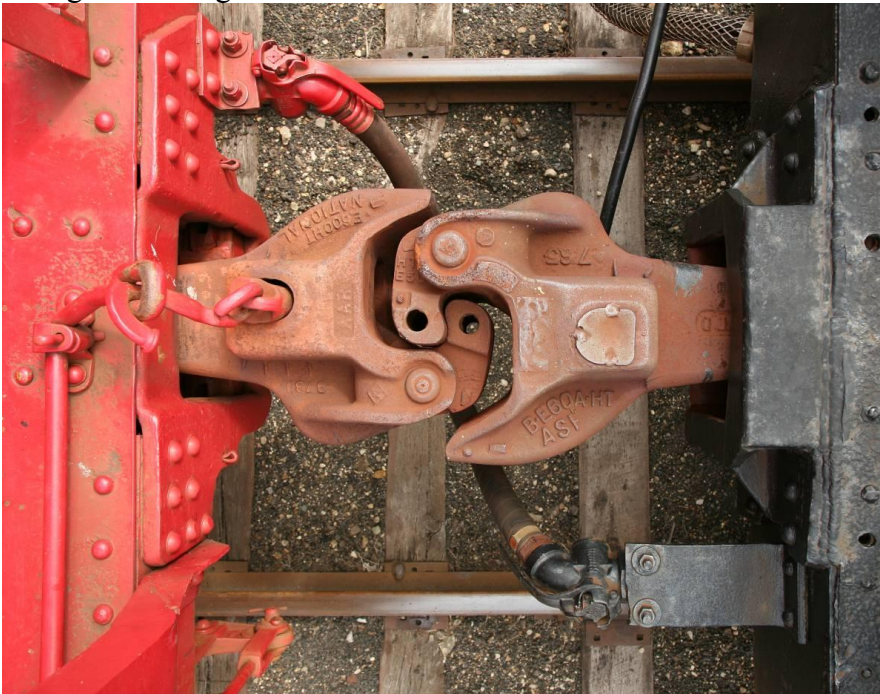
Music: None

Narration: By the time I started school, even my favorite aunt and uncle joined in, giving me a Marx electric train that I still proudly run today.

Frame 11:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: The funny thing is, although the trains were always my focus, those trains tied me to my family, connected me to their love as surely as those big iron couplers held that train together.

Frame 12:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: Whether parked trackside with Mother at railroad yards while I watched trains switch cars...

Frame 13:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: ...or listening as Dad showed me how to set up my latest toy train, train time was always family time; train time was *love*.



Frame 14:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: When times were bad, when my parents argued or I was sick...

Frame 15:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: ...the trains were there to remind me of better times, and reassure me that I was loved.



Frame 16:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: As the years rolled on, trains and love and family remained, but now I was the one driving when Grannie and I went to see the trains.

Frame 17:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: Today I am sad to say that all my family has passed...



Frame 18:

Text: None

Background Image:



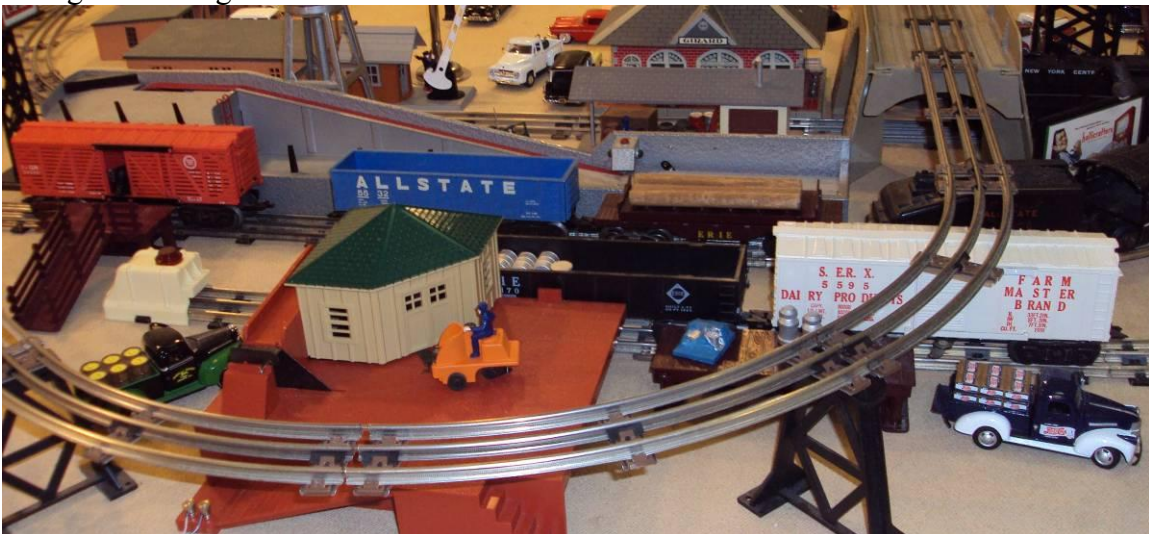
Music: None

Narration: ...but my love for trains lives on. When I see trains at railroad crossings...

Frame 19:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: ...or run the toy trains of my youth on my layout...



Frame 20:

Text: None

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: ...they still tie me to the past, connecting me to the love that lives on in my heart.

Closing Frame:

Text: Closing Credits & Dedication

Background Image:



Music: None

Narration: None